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Editorial

The September issue of Inter Nos, the first of the new scholastic year, affords an opportunity to the President and Faculty of greeting our returning students, and of welcoming those who are entering the college. We also greet our faithful non-student subscribers, and express to each group the hope that their year may be happy, profitable and marked by many blessings from God.

The current number features some prize winning offerings from contests held during the past year. In these our students made an encouraging showing, in prizes won and honorable mentions.

Two of our Alumnae give us accounts of their travels; Diane is working on further contributions, which will appear in the December number. The series, "Scenes from Our Lady's Life" will be brought to a close, by recalling Christ's passion, death and resurrection, as a tribute to Our Lady, on the feast of her Compassion, which comes on September fifteenth. We find September a month rich in her feasts, with her birthday on September eighth, and feast of Our Lady of Ransom on September twenty-fourth. In visiting her on this day, let us remember to place in her loving care, our captive Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Nuns, and the Laity, whose only crime is their opposition to the advance of atheism.

We again express our appreciation of those faithful friends, whose interest in Inter Nos has brought a renewal of subscriptions, sometimes accompanied by, "I like that little magazine." Some of these are Charter Members, having entered their subscription for Vol. 1, No. 1, and have continued to subscribe during the six years of existence of Inter Nos.

The Truth Will Set You Free

By Mary Joan Storm, '54

Awarded the Archbishop Cantwell prize of \$100 given by His Eminence James Francis Cardinal McIntyre for the best essay on an apologetical subject

From the earliest days of the Catholic Church to the present time apologists have been concerned with defending her from the attacks of misinformed and at times malicious men. In each age these attacks and defenses have centered around specific questions. Part of recent apologetic work has been concerned with strictly doctrinal questions, such as the recently defined dogma of the Assumption. On the other hand, some of the most striking advances have been made in connection with ostensibly "secular" subjects which, in reality, have their roots deep in theology. James O'Neill, for example, followed in the tradition of St. Augustine and St. Jerome when he published *Catholicism and American Freedom* in refutation of Paul Blanshard's attack on Catholic "power."

The modern apologist's concern then, must be with a refutation of the fallacious charges leveled against the Church NOW and an explanation of the eternal truths of faith and how they apply to the situation NOW.

A question which is currently rocking the academic, political, and religious world is that of academic freedom. The charges leveled against the Church in the course of this discussion are too numerous to list. However I will try in this paper to discuss what I feel to be two significant aspects of this problem of academic freedom. For my purpose the point of view of some opponents of the Church with respect to the question of academic freedom might be summed up in these two statements: 1) Catholics negate academic freedom when they attempt to force regulation on the teaching of Communism in public schools. 2) Catholics are perfectly consistent in denying academic freedom to others because, in their own schools they are not free. The first charge errs by failing to recognize the true nature of academic freedom and by failing to distinguish between teaching truth and falsehood.

It is certainly true that Catholics, indeed any Americans, interested in their country and aware of the danger, object to the teaching of Communist doctrines to young American citizens. If Catholics are in the forefront in this controversy it is only because they are more acutely aware of the danger. Are Catholics, then opponents of academic freedom? That depends on its definition.

A first definition as presented by our opponents might, then, be formulated as absolute freedom of anyone employed as a teacher

to teach, as truth, anything at all. In this case, of course, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Americans—all intelligent people are opposed to academic freedom. Certainly this absolute *freedom* is not consonant with the Constitution of the United States which limits freedom by positing the necessity of concern for the rights of others.

Therefore by the law of common sense the freedom of a teacher to teach is limited by the student's right to receive truth. Indeed any kind of freedom requires a framework; just as one is able to move about freely only if one has solid floor or ground under his feet. In this case the teacher must stay within the bounds of truth if he is to be permitted to exercise his right to teach; for truth is the frame in which all learning takes place; it is the solid ground which gives the inquiring mind freedom to move about. Unlimited freedom on the part of the teacher infringes on the freedom of the student when the "right" to teach falsehood is allowed and chaos is the result.¹ As has been said, "Freedom is a naked concept; it should be clothed in a high moral purpose else it is formless and it was this high moral purpose that made America what it is,"²—and a high moral purpose is not consonant with the teaching of falsehood.

Another definition of academic freedom has been given by Bertrand Russell:

The essence of academic freedom is that teachers should be chosen for their expertness in the subject they are going to teach. . . . The opponents of academic freedom hold that other conditions besides man's skill . . . should be taken into consideration.³

He is saying that the teacher's knowledge of his subject is the only criterion for selecting him. This principle would be acceptable if it were true that teachers give to the students only the facts of the subject. But this is seldom the case. The teacher's views on many things are transmitted, and since the teacher is free to teach truth—and truth only—his views on other things must be correct or he loses his right to teach. There is danger that while teaching truth directly he may indirectly transmit falsehood.

A third definition of academic freedom has been voiced by the John Dewey Society:

Academic freedom implies that no university or college is to indoctrinate its students with any theory, . . . but that students and faculty alike shall enjoy the untrammelled right of free inquiry and discussion and that neither shall be disciplined for non-conformity with older or more popular views.⁴

¹Anon., "Threats to Freedom," *Today*, vol. 8, no. 9, June, 1953, p. 1.

²John Foster Dulles quoted in John B. Sheerin, "Dulles, Freedom, Colleges," *The Catholic World*, CLXXVII, no. 1058, (May 1953) p. 82.

³Bertrand Russell quoted in Ruth Bryns, "Freedom for the Teacher Within Reason and Right," *America*, LXIII, no. 14 (July 13, 1940), p. 374.

⁴*The Second Yearbook of the John Dewey Society* (New York: Appleton-Century), p. 145.

Set in direct opposition to this is Pope Pius XI's encyclical *Divini Illius Magistri*:

Every Christian child or youth has a strict right to instruction in harmony with the teaching of the Church.

Let us examine these views and see which is the true picture. The first asserts that no school shall "indoctrinate its students with any theory." This is quite correct. What Catholic education seeks to indoctrinate Catholic students with, is not "theory" but "truth." And most educators who believe in objective truth will agree that education is a transmission of known truth in order that other truths may be discovered by the student.

It then appears that we are in agreement with the first quoted statement of the John Dewey Society. But in this case, what the yearbook said and what it meant are different things. From other statements, in the same book, the Society seems to oppose "indoctrination" understood as teaching of positive doctrine. The policy they advocate is one of intellectual anarchy, which like political anarchy, precludes freedom).

"The untrammelled right of free inquiry and discussion" needs, as do all freedoms, a frame of reference. How much freer is the inquiry of the mind which has strong foundational principles? It can easily be seen that freedom for its own sake often engenders aimless wandering. If the ultimate aim is truth and not an unlimited and everlasting freedom to pick and choose, truth will be achieved more quickly by a person who knows, by measuring his findings against the teachings of the Church, whether he is right or wrong. The objective criterion by which the Catholic can test the truth or falsity of his conclusions may be looked on by some as a trammeling of the mind but it is not. It is a help to arriving at truth. The person who accepts the Church's guidance will come to know the truth, and as Christ said, "The truth will set you free."

A further statement in the Dewey Society's pronouncement: "neither [the students nor faculty] shall be disciplined for non-conformity with older or more popular views" bears investigation. If the statement is directed at Catholics (and it seems to be) what sort of discipline can the Church impose on erring children? In becoming a Catholic a person freely submits to the discipline of the Church. The threat of excommunication would not trouble a person unless he believed in the Church as a Divine institution. In that case it would be a perverse type of madness not to accept this Divine institution's teaching?

With these points in mind it would seem that the John Dewey Society is in error about the very nature of education itself, and therefore about the nature of academic freedom. What is Pope Pius XI's view of this question which is so fundamental to our discussion? His statement, stripped of adjectives and stated in simplest

language, is this: Every child has a right to be taught the truth. With this statement none can in conscience quarrel.

Therefore if we accept the John Dewey Society's or Bertrand Russell's definition of academic freedom it is certainly true that the Catholic Church is denying "academic freedom" when it advocates control of Communists, teaching in public schools. If by academic freedom you mean the freedom of the teacher, limited by the right of the student to receive truth, then the Catholic Church is certainly not denying academic freedom, but protecting it.

So far then, we have seen that academic freedom properly understood as the teacher's right to impart truth is advocated by the Church. The second accusation which this paper proposes to discuss states that Catholics themselves enjoy no academic freedom in their own institutions. In refutation I should like to quote the following:

The point [about Catholic schools] is this: the object of Catholic schools, so far from being the fixing and cramping of the young mind into one attitude, one point of view, one set of prejudices, is, in point of fact, precisely the contrary. It is the equipping and training of the young mind to meet that psychological moment when it will be called upon to formulate its own judgment of credibility, to stand by its own strength, natural and supernatural, inherent and acquired, to give personal consideration to the reasons for concluding that Divine Revelation is credible and that, therefore, belief in the content of the revelation is both reasonable and obligatory.⁵

If academic freedom is the search for truth within a solid frame of reference, who has more academic freedom than the Catholic? The truth of dogma is in itself the frame which furnishes the security and stability needed if a search for further truth is to be more than aimless wandering.

In matters secular the Catholic is not bound by the political or social commitments of his teachers. In matters religious the absolute and assured truth that the Catholic possesses cannot be thought of as a restriction on freedom. Simple recognition of reality does not bind the mind unnaturally or unnecessarily. Indeed it is insanity to refuse to see what is there.

All this resolves itself into the old question: shall not the new generation be freed from the necessity of rediscovering old truths for itself in order that it may move on in the further discovery of truth? Or must each new generation start back at the beginning? This is not the procedure in science or literature. Why should it be necessary in subjects such as politics or religion?

⁵H. E. Calman, "Does Catholic Training Make Little Bigots?", *The Month*, vol. 144 (February 1924), p. 10.

An intelligent educated Catholic is able to combine the seemingly irreconcilable attitudes of 1) faith and submission to the teaching authority of the Church and 2) a goodly supply of sturdy penetrating wit. The commonly expressed opinion that "one has to shut one's intellectual eyes before he can follow the dictates of an infallible Church"⁶ is certainly an erroneous opinion. It is only with one's intellectual eyes wide open that a person will be able to follow the dictates of the Church for he must (as was said above) "give personal consideration to the reasons for concluding that Divine Revelation is credible and that, therefore, belief in the content of the revelation is both reasonable and obligatory."

"Anyone who is sufficiently aware of the nature of the mind knows that any member of a society reasonably free as to speech, press, and assembly and with a mind capable of functioning, has to decide for himself what he wants to do, whether it is good for him or not. No one else can decide for him."⁷

The Catholic then, in deciding freely to follow the teachings of the Church because he sees them to be true, achieves freedom within the certain bounds of truth. The Catholic intellect has the great advantage of a "totality of view."⁸ The mind can embrace nature, man, and God; whatever is or could be. This is freedom. The Catholic who looks on the universe with the eyes of the Church has an "enormous advantage [because] the universe the Church sees is the real universe."⁹ And this is truth.

This question of academic freedom which we have been discussing is, then, a burning apologetic problem in our own day. An attempt has been made to clarify the nature of academic freedom and its relation to truth. We have examined the teaching of the Church on the question as well as the logical implications inherent in various statements about this freedom. Finally we have shown the great freedom within that definition that the Catholic enjoys. Do Catholics enjoy freedom? They have truth, and "the truth will set [them] free."

⁶Bakewell Morrison, *The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind* (New York: The Bruce Publishing Co., 1933), p. 79.

⁷James M. O'Neill, *Catholicism and American Freedom* (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1952), p. 98.

⁸George Bull, "The Function of the Catholic Graduate School," *Thought*, XIII, no. 50 (September 1938), pp. 366.

⁹F. J. Sheed, *Theology and Sanity* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1946), p. 4.

A Critical Analysis of Hopkins' "That Nature Is a Heraclitean Fire, And of the Comfort of the Resurrection"

By Claudette Drennan, '54

Awarded first prize (\$100), *Essay Division, Atlantic Monthly National Creative Writing Contest*

THAT NATURE IS A HERACLITEAN FIRE AND OF THE COMFORT OF THE RESURRECTION

*Cloud-puffball, torn tufts, tossed pillows flaunt forth,
then chevy on an air
built thoroughfare: heaven-roysterers, in gay-gangs *
they throng; they glitter in marches.
Down roughcast, down dazzling whitewash, * wherever an elm
arches,
Shivelights and shadowtackle in long * lashes lace, lance
and pair.
Delightfully the bright wind boisterous * ropes, wrestles,
beats earth bare
Of yestertempest's creases; * in pool and rut peel parches,
Squandering ooze to squeezed * dough, crust, dust; stanches,
starches
Squadroned masks and manmarks * treadmire toil there
Foot-fretted in it. Million-fueled, * natures bonfire burns on.
But quench her bonniest, dearest * to her, her clearest-
selved spark
Man, how fast his firedint, * his mark on mind is gone!
Both are in an unfathomable, * all is in an enormous dark
Drowned. O pity and indignation! Manshape, that shone
Sheer off, disseveral, a star, * death blots black out; nor mark
Is any of him at all so stark
But vastness blurs and time * beats level. Enough! the
Resurrection,
A heart's clarion! Away grief's gasping, * joyless days
dejection.
Across my foundering deck shone
A beacon, an eternal beam. * Flesh fade, and mortal trash
Fall to the residuary worm; * world's wildfire, leave but ash.
In a flash, at a trumpet crash,
I am all at once what Christ is, * since he was what I am, and
This Jack, joke, poor potsher'd, * patch, matchwood, immortal
diamond,
Is immortal diamond.*

BY GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Gerard Manley Hopkins, the priest-poet whose works proved too "advanced" for his own Victorian period, dedicated his whole life to the search for spiritual reality. Reflecting this search, his poem "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection," is a meditation on Christ and fallen man. This meditation develops in three distinct phases. Phase one compares Nature, beautiful in all her shifting patterns, to a great bonfire where old patterns yield to new by the destructive energy of fire. Phase two introduces a new thought which nature's panorama has suggested: Man is also subject to the laws of nature—he is swallowed up in nature's bonfire almost as soon as he emerges as an individual. Phase three resolves the problem implicit in phase one and stated in phase two: Christ has promised that whoever believes in Him shall live; therefore, man's body, as part of His Mystical Body is ultimately subject to nature's flux.

Because this meditation unfolds in the mind of a speaker who expresses his thought in dramatic monologue, intense emotion accompanies the development of each phase. In phase one, the speaker joys in the interworked patterns of nature, saying, "Delightfully the bright wind boisterous ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare / of yestertempest's creases." Today's wind is rubbing out the pattern of yesterday's rain to create new patterns. In phase two, the first resolution or coda of the sonnet, the speaker expresses his distress as he considers the corruptibility of man, in, for example, the phrase, "O pity and indignation." In phase three, a second coda or reconsidered resolution to the sonnet, the speaker exults at the thought of final resurrection in the line, "A heart's clarion! Away grief's gasping, joyless day's dejection."

A pattern of mental association is clearly the basis of this development by phrases. The scene at which the speaker is looking takes form gradually as clouds suggest the wind which lashes them; this wind suggests the wind which lashes the earth; this earth, muddy from yesterday's rain, has footprints in it, suggesting man; finally, the knowledge that these footprints are easily erased leads to the realization that man, no less than his footprint, is quickly swallowed up in Nature's flux.

This over-all progression of meditation by means of thought-image suggesting thought-image is, however, only a reflection of a complex network of implication inherent in all the words and phrases of the poem. By means of these suggested connotations, the poem comments on reality in three distinct ways: the natural dimension and quality of physical reality, the ontological structure of reality, and the theological implications of reality. To begin with the poem's level of statement, the comment on dimension and quality, the words of the poem's first phase not only portray, but embody in their own image structure and their grouping with other words, phase one's emphasis on nature's flux. Essentially, flux is a drama of pattern

and movement. "Chevy" and "roysterers" are hunting images from Chevy Chase, and Royster Falcon, implying that the clouds race in the sky like hunters. Primarily words of movement, they link with "flaunt forth," "torn tufts," "throng," and "marches." "Throng" and "marches," as words of pattern, however, call up pictures of hunters moving in groups. These hunters mesh in the sky, stressing the patterns formed by "cloud puffball," "tossed pillows" and "gay-gangs."

In associating the sky patterns with patterns of clouds cut out by elm branches, the speaker's observations begin to move earthward. "Shivelights" are slashes of light patterned by elm branches, but restricted by their framework. "Shadowtackle" is both a pattern of tangled ship's tackle seen in the shadow of the hanging elm, and a suggestion that this tackle attaches the flying sails of the clouds above to the earth below. "Lash" combines the pattern of slash with the movement of slice. "Lace" combines the figures of lace with a down-reaching "(to) lace." "Lance" is pure movement, but "pair" associated with it emphasizes the pattern in the actual thrust.

The "bright wind," however, is the direct force which turns the speaker's attention to the earth. This "boisterous" wind which "ropes, wrestles, beats earth bare," reminds the speaker that flux is the product of strife. Old patterns must be forced to give way to new. Only under the pressure of stress does ooze give way to dough, dough to crust, crust to dust.

Among the earth-images which reflect the pattern and movement of flux, "squadroned masks" and "foot fret" deserve special study; for in Hopkins' time they connoted double meanings unfamiliar to the modern reader. On one level a "squad" is a pattern of bunched mud formed by the "masks" or starched outer coats of mud ridges. On another level, however, taken from words of the same sound but different roots, "squad" means a slimy mud, and "mask" a mesh. Similarly, "fret" means both stress of erosion and ornamental pattern.

Space does not permit detailed analysis of phase two and three for the full picture of Hopkins' manipulation of imagery in describing the stuff of physical reality. Major images which characterize the poem as a whole, however, can be traced through the various phases to show the poem's basic image structure. The permeating presence of earth, air, fire, and water so evident in phase one, persists throughout the poem. The air in clouds, the airbuilt thoroughfare, the spaces between the arch of elm branches, the wind of yester-tempest's creases and the wind that beats earth bare, returns in phase two as the enormous dark, the night sky in which the man-star shines, and the vastness that blurs. Water in the clouds, the yestertempest, the pool, and in mud, now quenches man's spark and drowns him in the unfathomable sea. Wind-beaten earth, and the various patterns of mud become first the flesh that fades, mortal

trash, ash, the residuary worm and potsherd, then the carbon of immortal diamond. Fire in the sun that parches peel and dries pool repeats itself in nature's bonfire, in man's fire-dint, his spark, his star, the beacon, the beam, world's wildfire, the ash, the matchwood, and the diamond. To trace another major image, man's image throughout the poem is that of bit of carbon lighted by a spark, and continually under stress of flux. He is a dint in the flame of nature's bonfire, a shining spark or star that combats darkness (as in "manshape that shone sheer off"—"sheer" here means both clear, translucent, etc., and standing free of obstruction), the mark which vastness blurs (implying that the light of his spark is blurred by the "enormous dark"), and the diamond which won its spark by withstanding pressure and heat.

All images in the poem move to and are resolved in the reconsidered solution of the second coda. The fire of flux becomes the eternal beam, the stress of flux the finality of ash which can no longer be changed by burning. Man's carbon spark becomes the immortal diamond. Even the minor images which built these themes echo in this final section. The hunters appear in the trumpets and heart's clarion, the shadow tackle and the unfathomable sea in the foundering deck. Old patterns return in the broken pieces of pottery, or potsherd, suggesting mud in pattern, and the patch suggesting lashes of lace. (Lash in Hopkins' time carried the connotation of a patch, coming from a mistranslation of the French "to fit a gusset.") The bonfire is implied in the matchwood.

The full significance of these patterns of imagery, however, can be understood and appreciated only on the two other levels of the poem's comment on reality: the ontological and theological levels. Some insight into the poem's ontological comment can be gained in studying its title, "That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire and of the Comfort of the Resurrection." Heraclitus was a Greek philosopher of the early Ionian school, who believed that all things are ultimately reduceable to fire. Other elements were to Heraclitus mere differentiations of fire produced by stress and discord. The apparent permanence of water and earth was maintained by a continual upward and downward transformation of earth, to water, to fire—fire, to water, to earth. For the one source element of Heraclitus and his contemporaries, Empedocles later substituted four specifically different elements: air, water, earth, and fire. Hopkins adapted the first three as symbols of becoming, and Heraclitus' fire as the symbol of being. After finishing the poem Hopkins wrote to Bridges that he had just completed a sonnet in which a great deal of early Greek philosophy had been "distilled," but that the liquor of distillation did not taste very Greek. He spoke truly, for he not only adapted Empedocles to Heraclitus, but Heraclitus to Parmenides, evolving an essentially Christian philosophy. His Heraclitean fire has the permanence of Parmenides' conception of being in which "being draws home to Being," (Hopkins' translation.) Parmenides sees no

flux, but only absolutes; Heraclitus sees no absolutes, but only flux. In Hopkins' distillation, being is the causal force of becoming.

On one level of comment, then, Hopkins discusses the conflict of being and becoming in man. Fire is the symbol of being. Air, earth, and water, as symbols of becoming, possess fires of being, but are subject to flux. Man is nature's "clearest selved spark," or that composite of air, earth, and water fired by the most perfect order of being. The problem which Hopkins solves in the poem is whether or not this more perfect order of being is also subject to flux. Hopkins' solution is that fire, as the cause of becoming, can also resolve becoming. In the poem fire causes becoming, since the sun draws water out of mud peel, forcing a new cycle of cloud, rain, and mud patterns; it resolves becoming by uniting man-spark with the "eternal beam" to produce "immortal diamond."

On a third level of comment, however, Hopkins draws a Christian synthesis of Greek being and becoming which enriches his meditation on Christ and fallen man with a theological analysis of man's ontological relationship to God. The fire of being is God. The carbon of man's spark is his body made of earth and subject to change; and the spark itself is man's intellect and will made to the image and likeness of God. The problems posed by the hasty solution of phase two are first, how can the soul achieve its immortal destiny now that man has lost his physical integrity; and second, how can the soul achieve its beatified destiny now that man has lost his spiritual integrity? ("Integrity" here, for the purposes of this essay, is delimited to mean that thing which, because of its wholeness, is not subject to corruption. "Integrity" of the body in this context, therefore means a preternatural wholeness which was originally meant to preserve the body from physical corruption; "integrity" of the soul means that supernatural unity of will and intellect preserved by grace from the discordance of will to intellect characteristic of sin.)

Man's loss of physical and spiritual integrity is most clearly expressed in Hopkins' line, "or mark / is any of him at all so stark / But vastness blurs and time beats level." "Stark" means that which stands out clearly by reason of its hardness, and by transference, one who stands out by reason of his authority, dominion, power, or might. The body of man, then, should be impervious to corruption by reason of his soul's dominion over the forces of nature. Both "firedint" and "mark," or soul and body, were, however, plunged into the "enormous dark" of sin when the soul first lost the light of sanctifying grace. When this "vastness blurs" the image and likeness of God in man, time beats level his physical body as the "wind . . . beats earth bare of yestertempest's creases."

Man's recapture of his physical integrity through the restoration of his spiritual integrity is especially clear in the resolving lines of the poem, "This jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, im-

mortal diamond / Is immortal diamond." In the "potsherd" of the poem, man's body, created from the slime of the earth, takes a more symbolic form than his likeness to the mud creases that time and wind beat level. St. Paul says that man carries his treasure in earth-en vessels. A potsherd cannot hold any treasure because it is no longer part of a whole vessel. Moreover, one usually thinks of pottery as being broken by a fall. The body of man lost its integrity by man's spiritual fall from the supernatural state to which sancti-fying grace had lifted him. The "patch," however, is the clay vessel mended and restored to wholeness by a new infusion of sanctifying grace, or the fruit of Christ's redemption. Man no longer possesses integrity of soul or body, but is at least able to hold his treasure.

Both "potsherd" and "patch," however, as only part of a symbolic sequence which leads to the climax of the poem. As "jack," man is seen as a common fellow, a common object, made of mud and one with nature's flux. As "joke" man is common but laughable, for he presumes to a supremacy of being which nature does not recognize. As "poor potsherd," he is less laughable, for once he did possess supremacy. As "patch" he gains supremacy over his soul, and as "matchwood," he has a potency of being or fire in him that can, if ignited, convert his "matched" pieces of potsherd into a glorified body indifferent to nature's flux. The culmination of this sequence, "immortal diamond," is a final and fitting symbol of man's body as it will be when he rises glorified. First of all, it has integrity. The smallest particle of diamond is an integral whole, possessing a spark of its own. This risen body is not, however, the one man would have had if he had never fallen through sin. The diamond is carbon given immutability by pressure and heat. Symbolically, man's carbon is subject to pressure in the stress of flux, and to heat in the fire of Divine grace reorganizing his scattered faculties. Only by a painful melting process, or complete gift of free will back to God, can the pieces of the "patch" be fused. The "immortal diamond" of this fusion, however, is still made of earthly carbon. Man will retain his physical body, but it will be glorified by an eternal spark.

This particular synthesis of theology and the Greek philosophy of being and becoming is entirely characteristic of Christian thinkers. Hopkins, however, has made the process graphic, showing by means of imagery that the problems posed in the becoming of flux and the immutability of being, are solved through the new insight gained in revelation. Man can achieve both his immortal and his beatified destiny because Christ, the "eternal beam" shines across man's "foundering deck," and by the lighthouse "beacon" of sanctifying grace, guides him through the darkness of sin. If man so wills, death of soul can no longer "blot black out" the image and likeness of God in him. In and through Christ, man regains first the integrity of his soul, and eventually, at the General Resurrection, the integrity of his body.

TO BE CONTINUED

Scenes from Our Lady's Life

By Sister M. Dolorosa

I

AT NAIM

At times Jesus and Mary are together, for short visits. A group of women join her in ministering to His needs, when He and His disciples are near. His fame spreads through Judea. The blind see, the deaf hear—most amazing to these Hebrew mothers,—the poor have the gospel preached to them. Mary, remembering Bethlehem's cave is not surprised. She explains the lesson "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Salome, one of their company, is of these, rich in her husband's merchandise; poor in spirit, eager to share with the needy, also Barsabas, the beggar, praising God for a scanty alms.

Thus Mary, as Jesus, draws hearts to herself, that like the Baptist, she may turn them all to her Son. Even the Magdalen is not afraid to seek comfort at Mary's feet. She, whom Jesus has made whiter than snow, finds loving welcome in the home of the Virgin, conceived without stain.

One day as Jesus and His disciples returned from the Lake shore they took the short cut through Naim. A funeral procession, heralded by its weird sad chant blocked the city gates. The mother of Jesus may have attended the stricken widow, whose only son was being carried to his grave.

Instead of drawing aside, Jesus stands with His disciples, halting the passage of the dead. A quick sobbing breath, and the mother looks up, startled at the delay. A man draws close to the bier—the wonder worker of Nazareth. His eyes warm with human sympathy; His gesture firm with authority divine. "Young man, I say to thee arise." And he that was dead sat up, and He gave him to his mother. Could this have been the widow of the temple treasury? If so, the widow's mite returned to her a hundred fold. She gave to the treasury her whole living—she was given back her child.

In the rapture of that reunion, the Saviour may have visioned another scene. A young Man, dead upon a cross, His mother standing near. He was an only Son, and she was a widow.

II

THE PASCH

Toward the close of the third year of Jesus' ministry, His teaching centered about Jerusalem. Throughout Judea, He had drawn many hearts to Him—hearts honest and pure and hearts that had tasted

the dregs of sin's foulness. The good Shepherd yearned for all. The lost sheep were sought and forgiven.

Envious hatred seethed, as the Wonder Worker's popularity increased. At first a subtle under current, then rising as the Pharisees and Scribes lost prestige. Drastic forces must rid the country of this menace. Ridicule must gnaw at the structure of belief rising throughout Galilee. Alert, and venomous the High Priests await their chance.

Mary would spend the Paschal season in Jerusalem at the home of Cleophas, brother of her Joseph, and devotedly reverent toward Jesus. Mary, wife of Cleophas, with her husband had joined the throngs singing Hosannah to the son of David when the Master triumphantly rode into Jerusalem. Their sons with other boys strewed palms before him and laid their cloaks in the way, as to a conqueror.

The Mother of Jesus, not to mar their joy, hid the heavy sadness and foreboding which through the week had pressed upon her, increasing on this brilliant Thursday morning, as she watched the preparations for the Pasch. "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world!" We may believe that Mary was present near the upper room which Joseph of Arimathea had furnished Jesus and His disciples for their Paschal supper. Possible she assisted in its preparation.

The little group arrives. She sees the twelve, the Master in the center, the youngest leaning on His breast; Peter in the place of honor at His right. The furtive darkness of Judas, shadowed the eager anticipation of the eleven. They sense some happening of greater import than the Pasch itself.

Mary adores seeing the Most High kneel, as a slave, washing the feet of His followers. Taking his garments He signals the beginning of the Paschal meal. Then breaks as a thunderbolt, "One of you is about to betray me!"

"Is it I, Lord?" "Is it I?" Loving imprudent Peter, ready to strike with the sword, reiterates, "Though all betray you, yet not I. I would die for you." Jesus glances a sad yet tender warning. "Thou shalt thrice deny me."

The mother closes her eyes, praying for Him,—for them: "Heavenly Father take care of Simon. Let not the rock become a broken reed."

Jesus says to Judas, "What thou dost, do quickly." The traitor, avoiding the Master's eye, leaves the room.

Unleavened bread is brought. Breaking, blessing, and giving thanks, Jesus feeds the eleven. "Take ye and eat. This is my Body." The chalice of Benediction, the third cup is poured, and Jesus, blessing gives to His Apostles, "Drink ye all of this. This is my Blood." They drink. Then the command, "Do this for a commemoration of me."

The Master has ordained His first priests. They have partaken of His flesh and blood. They are incorporated with Him, as other Christs, that His sacrifice may continue even to the consummation of the world.

And did not Jesus then, also give the transubstantiated bread and wine, His Body and Blood to her who had given Him His mortal flesh? We believe He gave Himself to her, His Body and Blood, His Soul and Divinity, in a union which glorified the weary years of waiting, until there came His time to call His mother home.

III

GOOD FRIDAY

Pilate, striving for the favor of the Emperor Tiberius, lost his one big chance for fame, and won infamy. He turned Jesus over to the beasts lusting for His blood, though he "found no cause in Him."

All Jerusalem was alert and waiting. Where were the Master's own?

After a brief desertion in Gethsemane, John's love dominated fear. He followed Jesus through His Passion, at first afar off, then ever closer till he reached the cross.

When Pilate's cowardice abandoned Jesus, John knew that all was lost. He runs to Mary, who is offering to the eternal Father the sacrifice of the Lamb. They grieve together and he leads her to the death bed of her Son.

They meet Him on the way of sorrows. The eyes of Son and Mother speak. Love and pity—pity and adoration glance between them, then the torturers jostle her aside, and goad Him on. There is no time to waste. In spite of them, another halt occurs. This time again there is a woman. She braves the mob, offering the pitiable victim a cup of wine. When he does not drink, yet thanks her silently, she takes her soft veil and wipes the bloody tears from those thorn pierced eyes, the mud and spittle from His blood drained cheeks.

And now they drag a country fellow of Cyrene to shoulder some of the weight of the cross. At this late hour, death shall not rob them of their prey! Simon struggles in anger as the cross falls heavily on his back. Yet only a moment of rebellion, then follows reverent awe, celestial joy as Simon's grateful heart acknowledges his unworthiness. Driven nails, cursing thieves, imprecations of the priests, finally, the Lamb of God, upraised against the sky, and darkness veils the sun, mourning the death throes of its Creator.

The mob fear-stricken flees, menaced by Golgotha's hill. Mary draws close. She stands beside the cross in silent prayer, united with her Child. His dying message must now be given, for the time

is short. "Woman, behold thy son." "Son, behold thy mother." From that hour John takes her to his own. "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and Jesus dies. His sacrifice, a holocaust; hell vanquished; Heaven's portals unbarred.

Mary receives her Son's lifeless body, pierced by thorn, nail and spear. She prepares it for the tomb, remembering the prophecy, "And His sepulchre shall be glorious." Joseph and Nicodemus come. Pilate has given them the body and "they laid Him in a sepulchre, hewn from the rock in which no man had been laid."

It is finished. With gentle hand John supports that frail, brave Mother on the desolate homeward way. She does not falter though Simeon's sword protrudes from her riven heart. Its work is finished.

IV

THE SABBATH EVE

Night comes on that Sabbath eve, which, while time lasts, will be called Good Friday. Mary sits beside a low table spread with spotless linen. She carefully places on it the sacred relics of the passion. A tear falls—a diamond glistening on a ruby thorn. Kissing the nails she lays them beside the cruel diadem. A timid knock, and then an opening door. Simon Peter kneels there, his head bowed, his lips kissing her garment's hem. Through struggling breath, such as when strong men weep, she hears, "I do love you, Lord. Thou knowest that I love you." Then great sobs break forth anew.

Mary does not try to stem that torrent of repentant woe, but a mother's hand strokes the bowed head, as she whispers, "He knows. He loves you still. On the cross, His first word was, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do'."

"But I, His disciple knew, I should have rushed at them and freed Him with my sword. I am a coward. I denied Him." And Peter's tears furrowed his cheeks.

There is a click of a lifting latch and John enters. With him is a woman whom Mary recognizes. It is she who offered Jesus wine, as He fell beneath His cross. His mother rises to express her gratitude. Standing a little apart Veronica unrolls a linen cloth she carries, loosening the folds of a veil within. Then reverently she spreads it out for Mary. The Saviour's face, battered and blood stained, appears before them on the veil.

Stricken and crushed by sorrow they kneel and kiss the sacred image in silence too deep even for tears.

Then Mary presses it to her heart. Her Jesus, how pitiful His portrait; how divine His gratitude! To Him a kindness from a noble woman; to Veronica a priceless treasure from her God!

V

THE THIRD DAY

Slowly the Great Sabbath drew toward its close. The rending of the temple's veil marked the end of an era. A greater Sabbath, was about to dawn, the Messiah's choice—the Lord's Day.

Each lagging hour brought closer the moment awaited by Mary, tensely expectant. Noting the sad dejection, almost despair of the disciples and faithful women, she wondered. Had they all forgotten the promised sign—the sign of Jonas the prophet? Peter and even John, had they misunderstood? From some, indeed rejection, these whispered, "And we thought He wou'd have redeemed Israel."

Darkness falls early on spring days in Palestine, and worn with grief and strain the followers of Jesus sought to deaden in sleep their bitter disappointment.

At last the Mother is alone. She prays and waits for her Son. "Destroy this temple and in three days, I shall rebuild it." He will come soon, the third day is near at hand. The great stone of the sepulchre cannot bar His passage. Heaven's portals are flung wide. Radiant in glory Jesus stands before her. "Mother behold thy Son!" A moment of bliss, almost too great for mortal heart to bear, and Mary prostrates herself in adoration of her God, kissing the roseate wounds in His feet. Wounds no longer, but glorious signs of a victor's combat. Jesus, with love ineffable, raises her, allowing full outlet to that Mother heart. Long surcharged with sorrow, it is now immersed in a boundless ocean of joy. She kisses His hands; then her Son, pressing her lips to His glowing side, refreshes her soul with the love overflowing from His Sacred Heart.

Gone are the defilements, the bruises and the wounds of His passion, except the five proofs that the God-Man died—proofs that He rose again to life, His body glorified, Master of time, space, and all things. Mary rejoices with Jesus, thanking the Eternal Father that all is fulfilled, that her Son is freed from pain and anguish for evermore.

Following the dawn, Jerusalem stirs, rumors fly, "The Lord is risen." "The women have seen Him." Magdalen weeps at the sepulchre. "Mary." "Rabboni." "Go tell My disciples and Peter." John and Peter run to the tomb. They find it empty. "The Lord has risen indeed and has appeared to Simon." The mother hears, what she already knew. No earthly sorrow can ever again disturb her heavenly joy.

Letters from Abroad—Scandinavia

By Diane D'Alfonso, an Alumna

ABOARD SS WATERMAN

JUNE 28, 1953

DEAR CHO,

The sun was out today, the first time since we sailed six days ago. With the sparkle on the sea came a change in our ship's movements, rather than tossing around like my nephew's sailboat we are on a somewhat even keel. Needless to say, I'm rather thankful as my supply of dramamine was getting low.

Most travel agencies advertise a sea voyage as very relaxing and very romantic. I really don't know about the latter, although the moon outside my porthole lives up to the ads. However, I am taking advantage of the relaxing with fourteen hours of sleep a day. During the hours that are spent out of the bunk there is quite a bit to occupy the time. For example, today we attended a lecture on Paris; one on the customs of the Scandinavian people; and another on how not to act like a typical American tourist, in other words, to accept the country as it is and not try to compare it to the United States. Beside the lectures, classes are offered on the political and economic structure of various countries, on art and music, and on how to speak German (or French, or Italian, or Swedish, etc.) in ten easy lessons. In the evenings, the entertainment amounts to dances and movies. The Dutch Student String Quartet and the Princeton Dixieland Band provide the music. The movies are of a different type—how the Dutch reclaimed Holland after such-and-such a flood. The concensus of opinion is—why don't the Dutch reclaim the Waterman from the sea!

There are approximately eight hundred students on board, traveling on various tours, mostly NSA. Probably the most astounding fact is that the majority of them are traveling to learn rather than just to say that they have been to Europe. It is such a wonderful opportunity to meet so many people and it is rather a stimulating trip.

Our cabin is on "E" deck. It is smaller than a small double at the Mount and contains six bunks, two sinks, and six one-foot-wide closets. This allows about a four foot area of walking space. Fortunately there are only five of us, so one bed is left for junk. The port hole is about two feet above the water line and today is the first time it hasn't been under a wave swell. At least the splashing sound lulls us to sleep. Our cabin boys and waiters are Indonesian. Modi, our boy, is quite flustered because someone is always asleep when he wants to make up the bunks. They speak very little English so we are learning Indonesian. The most important word is "te me gassi" which means "thank you."

We will dock at Rotterdam in three days and begin our touring. Our group is composed of nine girls and four fellows. At the first stop in each country we will be met by a student guide who will be our host, mentor, and clockwatcher. It appears as if the next few months should prove to be educational as well as fun.

Until the next postmark—

DIANE

STUDENT HOSTEL
Copenhagen, Denmark
July 3, 1953

DEAR CHO,

Danny Kaye has nothing on us! Not only does our student guide look like the movie version of Hans Christian Andersen, but Copenhagen is "a wonderful town." However, before I get carried away with Danish fervor, here are some of the highlights of the trip so far. Traveling third class on a European train for fourteen hours can not be believably described, only suffered and enjoyed. Our compartment was occupied by some very mannerly English gentlemen who insisted they were the NSA tour. After a few hours standing in the aisle, we spread out and found some seats. Five of us shared our compartment with a Norwegian, a Dane, and a German. Contrary to the rumor about the world usage of English, our companions were limited by their respective languages. However, Terry, one of the fellows on the tour, was able to speak German so the time passed happily. At Hamburg a Swiss gentleman joined us who spoke German, French, and Italian. Marilyn's French, my poor Italian, and Terry's German gave us an opportunity to learn about Europe and to work for the State Department.

After traveling in Europe only a few days, we have found that our greatest task is explaining the United States to the people we meet. For example, our Swiss friend was quite surprised to see we were traveling with a Negro. He had heard so much about segregation in the United States that he thought all Americans were prejudiced. Thus, within our first twenty-four hours in Europe we were able to combat the rumors which circulate about our way of life.

As you know, this is a student tour. Consequently, we are traveling as European students do—staying in student hostels, traveling by 3rd class fare, eating at student restaurants, etc. To be a student in Europe is a profession. So few people have an opportunity for higher education that those who do attend a university are regarded very highly. Quite a contrast in attitudes!

Our hostel isn't the Statler. It is a rather large barn-like building

without the luxuries of a commercial hotel. In our dorm there are eight bunk beds and two swinging, naked light bulbs. The bunks are four feet high, making the lower one about six inches from the floor. The mattresses are of straw but very comfortable after a tough day of sightseeing.

Undoubtedly by the end of this trip we will be travel-wise but for the present we are making quite a few mistakes. About 2 a.m. our first evening here we decided to do some washing. We felt our way down four floors to the washroom and proceeded to scrub our clothes in floor basins which lined the wall. A group of English students on a "holiday" walked in, stopped, and stared. Finally, one young girl about ten years old said, "My dears, that is for washing one's feet." Why didn't we learn that in college?

But now some information about the country itself. Denmark is Europe's great produce farm, supplying butter, cheese, milk, eggs, pork, and bacon to England and the Continent. The second largest industry is beer production. The largest brewery in Europe is located in Copenhagen. Its board of trustees consists of five doctors—three of philosophy and two of theology—and all profits are used for scientific and fine art training.

Denmark is a country of green coloring which stretches for miles. A land of small farms; it is the home of the co-operative movement, and about half of the population is enrolled in some sort of cooperative marketing. The students we have met are in favor of complete socialism.

Copenhagen is to Denmark what San Francisco is to California—it has a big-town feeling—in its streets and shops and in the attitude of its people. At first glance, from the top of the town hall, it looks like a mass of brick buildings with bluish copper roofs—a tribute to King Christian IV who reigned for sixty years in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. He just about built Copenhagen.

The city has more than its share of museums and monuments but the biggest tourist attraction is the Tivoli. It is the granddaddy of all amusement parks but bears about as much resemblance to the Ocean Park Pike as Sister Celestine does to Malenkov. The Tivoli has been going for more than a hundred years, and while it has all the usual paraphernalia of roller coasters, ferris wheels, etc., plus a couple of new wrinkles, you're not too conscious of them, and the whole effect isn't garish in the least. Quite the contrary. The Tivoli is a beautifully landscaped park in the center of town where you can hear an excellent symphony orchestra, go dancing, dine at one of twenty-three fine restaurants, or attend a vaudeville show, and you would no more throw down a candy wrapper here than you would in the White House.

Of course, Denmark is the country that elevated the sandwich to the status of a filet mignon. The national specialty is the open-faced

sandwich covered with eggs, tongue, ham, bacon, roast beef, oysters, anchovies, caviar, shrimps, or anything else that happens to be around. The sandwich virtuoso of the city is the chef at Oskar Davidsen's restaurant. The menu is four feet long and offers about 200 variations and combinations of the above.

A sightseeing tour which I enjoyed was our trip to Kronenberg Castle, better known as Elsinore. However, the Danes are not like the melancholy Hamlet. They are a gay light-hearted people who abound in good humor. Our time here has been so enjoyable that all of us wish we could stay longer. But such is the life of a tourist—on to Sweden.

DIANE

STUDENT HOSTEL
Stockholm, Sweden
July 8, 1953

DEAR CHO,

After traveling at a steady pace I decided to take a night away from touring and catch up with some moments of relaxation. Our hostel here is just the place to do so. The Swedish National Union runs the College of Forestry as a student hostel during the summer months. It is very typical of Sweden—a modern country which turns to the sun during the three months of summer. The hostel is a modern brick building located atop a small hill amidst a towering pine forest. The slope levels off at a small lake, with Stockholm beyond.

There are many wonderful things about Sweden. It compares with the United States, if one must make comparisons, in its high standard of living and its lack of war ruins. The people are friendly, well dressed, concerned with the affairs of every day life. Contrary to the idea that all Swedes are blond, only about twenty per cent are fair. The artistry of the Swedish people is expressed in their fine, clean, modern furniture and household accessories, their beautiful glassware, and their functional architecture.

Stockholm itself is typical of Sweden. It is a blend of the new and the old. The Town Hall is a synthesis of many elements of European styles of architecture which form a masterpiece of modern, functional design. The old section of the city, "the city between the bridges," dates strictly from the Middle Ages. Its narrow, twisting old streets are lined by artists' studios and curiosity shops, where you can almost touch both sides of the street at once with your outstretched arms.

Sweden is another country which is an epicurean's delight. Of course, I'm speaking of Swedish smorgasbord. It is intended as an

hors d'oeuvre, but few people are able to come away from a true smorgasbord table, ready to show an interest in the main hot dish. If you have ever been to the Bit of Sweden on the "Strip" you will know what I mean. We learned that it is a mistake to load a plate with a sample of everything that looks good. Instead, it takes at least three trips to the table to enjoy the smorgasbord. On the first trip you fill the plate with herring, sardines, anchovies, and other fish; on the second trip, with cold meats and salads, and on the third trip, with the hot dishes and cheese. It seems a little impossible but if you've "skalled" your companions and have been "skalled" in return a couple of times, it is possible.

Skal, the Scandinavian form of a toast, is taken very seriously. It is only done with Snaps or wine. A gentleman proposes the skal to the lady, and the elder person to the younger. The method is something like this. The person who is proposing the toast raises the glass slightly from the table, catches his victim's eye, smiles, bows slightly, and says "Skal" (pronounced "skoal"). A gentleman is supposed to drink "bottoms up," a woman is allowed two sips. And, during the entire process, you are supposed to keep looking into the eyes of your companion. It is quite a ceremony and many times it is accompanied by song.

One of the most unusual museums is Skansen Park. It is an outdoor museum of the type which is found only in the Scandinavian countries. It includes reproductions of peasant homes typical of the life in various parts of Sweden and of various centuries, including an encampment of Layland, and exhibits of native handicrafts and peasant parks. Folk dancing is the featured entertainment of the museum. The park also has a zoo.

Yesterday, we took a very interesting side trip to the cathedral and university town of Uppsala. The cathedral dates from the 15th century, and contains a magnificent rose window. But it was so empty. Until now, I had never realized the physical effect which the Holy Eucharist has in a church. Without His presence, the church is empty and cold, and the reaching-toward-heaven effect of Gothic construction loses its power. The weather will be hot in southern Europe but it will be a relief to travel in a Catholic country.

As I have mentioned previously, traveling in Europe is an experience. Our journey from Copenhagen to Malmo, Sweden (just across the North Sea) can be added to our tales. In this journey, it was necessary to take a train from Copenhagen to a coastal port, embark on a boat to Malmo, and then transfer to a bus to be taken to the railway station to come to Stockholm. It sounds simple but it involved many bruises. Sometime try to manage two suitcases and stay with a group at a five o'clock rush hour and you will have a slight idea of what it is like. At the dock, we were swept with the mob onto the boat, only to find a minimum of space on which to

stand. One of the fellows managed to bulldoze his way to the other side of the boat and found it completely empty. The one hour journey across the strait gave us a short respite for the other passengers never did come over to our side. At Malmo, we relaxed and were carried along with the stream. We probably could have rolled off, the list was so bad on the dock side. The next task was to get our luggage in the same trailer as the bus we would board. We surveyed the problem and used American efficiency. Two girls went ahead and saved seats on the bus we wanted; the other girls formed a "V" and rammed and held open a space in front of the luggage carrier; and the fellows used the water line technique to toss all our baggage into the trailer. I'm afraid our fellow passengers had never seen anything quite like it—they just stared.

In a few days we will be leaving Sweden and will journey to the last of the Scandinavian countries, Norway. Until then,

DIANE

July 14, 1953
OSLO, NORMAY

DEAR CHO,

Norway is undoubtedly one of the greatest sight-seeing countries in the world. Not because of the museums, castles, and cathedrals, but rather because here one finds nature in its true, unblemished beauty. God's grandeur, the beauty of His creation, is so much a part of this country that you cannot help feeling a closer spiritual unity with Him.

Two of the automatic associations with Norway are the fjords and the midnight sun. The fjords are deep inlets of the sea extending back into the mountains sometimes for more than a hundred twisting miles. How can they be described—high mountains and deep water, with practically nothing in between; the water is a cool, clear, dark green which possesses the reflecting qualities of a mirror; the mountains are the foliaged green of towering pine forests, the dull grey of rocky precipices, and the glaring white of everlasting snow. Plying through these fjords on a coastal steamer anytime during the day affords a majestic sight; by the light of the midnight sun they are unbelievable.

The midnight sun, perpetual sunlight, is a treat well worth the trip to this land of northern sunshine. I use the term "perpetual" because that is what it seems to us. We are typical Americans torn between a desire to see everything while the sun is shining, and our normal behavior pattern of seeking some sleep within every twenty-four hour period. After our brains can absorb no further impressions, we crawl under an eiderdown quilt, which covers all Norwegian beds, even in midsummer, and try to sleep. It is only

for awhile, however, because you feel as guilty as though you had crawled off to bed at high noon just when something wonderful was about to happen.

Unlike the other countries we have visited, in Norway we are spending the major part of our time in the smaller towns. This gives us a marvelous opportunity to meet the people in their own environment and to relax from the routine of absorbing history in every castle and museum in a country.

One of my favorite cities is Trondheim. It is the third largest city in the country and the gateway to the North. It is rather typical of a "jumping off" spot for dog-sled country with its wooden, white-washed one story buildings, dirt streets, plank sidewalks, and Laplanders selling their wares in the market place. It also possesses an eleventh century Gothic Cathedral which is still under construction. An interesting experience happened to me here. As we were going through the cathedral and the connecting Archbishop's house, I had the uncanny feeling of having been there before. It seems that Sigrid Undset used Trondheim as a setting in her novel, *Kristin Lavensdatter*.

Another small place we visited was Molde. During the war it was shelled and razed three different times, once when the King and Crown Prince were there. It is completely rebuilt now and a tribute to the hard-working efforts of the Norwegians. We also spent a few days in Aandalsnes, a mountain climbing and fishing center. We traveled by bus into the mountains above the fjord and stopped at a magnificent waterfall on the snow line with its spray leaping beyond rocks and flying to reach its destination in the valley below.

Of course, there is much more to write, but these are the places, the things, and the experiences which I thought you might enjoy. Really, Scandinavia, though it is not included in the "Grand Tour" is well worth the visit. It does not offer the cultural beginnings of our civilization but it leaves a lasting impression of rugged nature and friendly people.

DIANE

I Remember Japan

By Catherine Kigami

I left my home in Japan over one and a half years ago. At that time I came on a ship to America, where I am now a student at Mount St. Mary's College. The memories of my home in Japan are still in my mind as if they had happened yesterday—dearly, clearly, and deeply, they are there.

When I was a child, I usually went to the river to fish, in the summer time, with my friends, and we caught many small fishes in a bucket. Sometimes we played a game like this in the river: when we looked at one point in the flowing water, we imagined that we were moving in the water. We called this game "the water elevator." In the winter time I used to go skiing with my brother and friends on Mt. Hiai in Kyoto; this is one of the highest mountains of Japan. Also, in my home town, we usually received two or three feet of snow.

Before going on with my story, I had better tell you what my ski is like. My ski is about three feet long, and it is made from a bamboo tree. We ride on these bamboo skis on a sloped cable road. Even though I am far beyond the stage and age of a child, I still enjoy skiing in memory, because I like the memories of fun.

My father owns a hardware company, and our neighbors are also owners of shops. Therefore our parents are very busy with their work, and most of the house space is used to store the things that they sell. My house had a very big warehouse for storage, which was connected to our living house. When we go through this warehouse, we come into the back yard, which has many fruit trees. Behind our back yard there is a small road; then there is the river in which we used to play. Beyond the river there are other houses which are not merchants' homes. They all belong to farmers. But now those houses have all been destroyed by a typhoon because they were situated on much lower land than ours. In fact, I received a letter from my family about two months ago which told me that my house had not been moved by the typhoon, but the downstairs floor was of no use any more for it was full of water. I wonder how my town's people at Sonobe will build their houses from now on?

But let us now consider how I grew up in this atmosphere. I am the youngest in my family. In the Japanese family, the youngest child usually has a very gentle personality. This I have too. The reason for this is that that our country's generation kept the feudal customs (and it still does, to a lesser extent). Therefore, the youngest person always follows and agrees with the older persons' words. Our education also teaches us to follow in that way. Therefore, when I visited someone's

house, everyone knew that I was the youngest because of my gentleness. This feudalism is not good for us sometimes, for when we discuss something, I am not allowed to say anything about it because I am the youngest. Therefore, I had better follow either my brother's opinion or my sister's opinion, even if I should want to say something for myself. This custom has given me that very bashful character which shows when I talk to people even now. However, this gentleness of my personality gave me a wonderful opportunity, for because of this character I could come to this country and to Mount St. Mary's College. If I were not gentle and if my house had not kept feudalism, I would have been like other girls of my age; this means that I would not have studied any Japanese classical culture, or at least, if I had studied, I would not have learned so beautifully, because the beauty of classical culture needs a very gentle personality.

When I started to study this Japanese classical culture, I was only seven years old. Not everyone can study it so young, because it is hard for us to learn to move and act beautifully when we are very young. Of course, I did not like to study it at that time, but I had to obey my family's command. Since I have studied it, I have learned many interesting things, and I have continued to learn them even until now. However, it caused my great change in life, for because of my knowledge of classical culture, I came to this country. I know that you want to know why the Japanese classical culture is connected with my coming to this country. A priest who was in Japan, fourteen years before the Second World War, was so much interested in Japanese culture that, after the war, he asked the Japanese Urasenke Tea Ceremonial College for a girl, who knew the culture well, to come to this country and to study this American country's education. He thought this would be a good way to compare Japanese culture with American cultures. At that time the tea ceremonial college numbered me among its students. I thank God for this great opportunity which He gave me, and I am also thankful for my country and for my family feudalism, which helped me to come to America.

A year has passed since I left Japan. Since then I have missed everything in my home land very much. Some of the things I miss most are the city's decorations, the beautiful views of nature—such as cherry blossoms in Springtime; ripe maples of yellow, red, and green colors; chestnuts, mushrooms and persimmons in Autumn. I also miss our ancient cultures and some classical customs. Some of these are the Spring and Autumn festivals, doll festivals, New Year's Day, and others. But the most important point of all is that I miss . . . can you guess? . . . my nice family. This longing comes from my kind of personality. For, you see, my personality remembers best of all the joys our family had living together. Let me tell you one of my best family memories.

When I was in Japan, I often went to my uncle's house. He and

his wife have two children. One morning I went to take care of the children because their mother was going to have a baby on that day. Just as I arrived at the house, the nurse came into the room with a bundle in her arms. The nurse looked at it, and she was so happy and smiling that the children knew at once there must be something very nice in the bundle, but what it was they could not guess. But they knew that "Anyway, it is alive!" The nurse carried the bundle across the room to show us. We dropped down on our knees beside it. The children wanted so dreadfully to open it that they had to hold their hands hard to keep from touching it; but they never even laid a finger on it, because the nurse had given it to me.

Katsu-chian just said aloud, "Is it a puppy?"

At the same moment Shu-chian said, "Is it a kitten?"

And I said, "I have not opened the bundle yet, so how can I tell? We must ask the nurse." Then I asked, "Nitan-san, what is it?"

Nitan-san put her two hands together on the matting in front of her, bobbed her head down nearly to the floor, and said, "It is a little brother, dear children. Do you love him?"

When Shu-chian saw the baby with long, narrow eyes and a lock of hair that stood straight up on the top of his head, she said, "Oh! Oh! Is he truly ours- a real live baby—for us to keep?"

"Would you like to keep him?" I asked.

"Of course," she said. "Oh! Yes, yes! I can have a little brother of my own to carry on my back, just the way the other girls carry their brothers. I have never had anything but borrowed babies before. And the girls are not polite about lending theirs at all. Please, please, let me hold him."

Then she held up her arms, and I laid the little baby in them very, very gently. Katsu-chian was so surprised to see a baby in the bundle that he had not said a word. He just sat still and looked astonished.

So I asked him, "Well, Katsu-chian, how is it with you? Would you like to keep the baby too?"

"I'd even rather have him than a puppy!" he said very solemnly. And that was a great deal for Katsu-chian to say, for he had wanted a puppy for ever so many weeks.

Just then the baby puckered up his nose and opened his little bit of a mouth—and a great big squeal came out of it! You could never have believed that such a big squeal could possibly come out of such a little mouth. And he squirmed more than ever.

Then Nitan-san said, "There, there, little one. Come to your old friend, and I will carry you to mother again."

"Let me carry him," Shu-chian begged.

"No, let *me*," demanded Katsu-chian.

But Nitan-san said, "No, no, I will carry him myself. But you may come with me if you want to see your mother."

So we all tip-toed quietly into the aunt's room and sat down upon the floor. Time passed. We waited. The baby opened his mouth wide and yawned.

"See how sleepy the little mouse is," said my aunt. "Run out and play now, my children, and let him rest."

We left the room softly and went out onto the porch. We sat down on the top step to talk over the wonder which God had given to us that morning.

This is one of my memories from our family's life. But as for myself, one of the deepest memories of my childhood is my birthday, so I will tell you as much as I remember.

Japanese children love their two birthdays the best of all the days in the year. You are probably wondering about the meaning of the word "birthdays" since no one has two birthdays in one year. But in Japan all the boys celebrate their birthdays together on one day, the fifth of May, and all the girls celebrate theirs together on the third of March.

When I was a child, my birthday was very important to me. Days beforehand I knew that it was coming; for frequently I would ask my mother, "How many days it is now?" My mother always knew that I meant, "How many days is it to my birthday?"

One morning when I awakened I said, "Only six days more." Another morning I jumped out of bed very early and said, "Oh, it is today. Today! It begins this very minute!"

My brother didn't get up early that day. When he heard my singing, "It is today" he just curled his nose under the bed-clothes and pretended to be asleep. He remembered my last birthday when boys seemed to be in the way while the girls played dolls.

Before breakfast my father took me out to the *Kura* (warehouse), and we brought the big red trunks, that held my dolls, into the house. Although it was very early in the morning, my mother had already put fresh peach blossoms into the vase, in honor of my birthday. We use peach blossoms in token of Momotaro, the Peach-Boy, who was as strong, good, and intelligent as a child of the gods. My father unloaded the doll trunks by the special shelf, built up like five steps against the wall. Everything was all ready to begin.

I asked my mother, "May I open the boxes right now?"

"Of course," she said, "since this is our good children's custom." I knelt beside the boxes and helped to take out the dolls—all thirty-eight of them.

The first doll I took out was a very grand lady, dressed in stiff silk robes embroidered with chrysanthemums. I knew she was the

Empress for chrysanthemums are the imperial symbol. Next I took out the Emperor doll whose silken robe was also as stiff as wrapping paper. The dolls seemed new, although my grandmother, my mother, and my sister had played with them on their birthdays. The dolls were taken out only once in the whole year—this time for me—in honor of the "Doll Festival of Peach-Blossom."

My mother had covered the five steps with a beautiful red wool rug. I placed the Emperor and Empress on the middle of the top step, with guards at both sides. On the second step I placed *San-Nin-Kanryo* (three court ladies) and lanterns on their sides; on the third were *Gonin-Bayashi* (five musicians of a band) with cherry blossoms on their right and orange blossoms on their left. The fourth step had a little stove, blue and white doll dishes, and two tiny lacquered tables. All of these dolls and accessories are necessary according to Japanese tradition, and every family has them. In addition I had a collection of extra dolls: girls, boys, and ladies in beautiful gowns, and babies in little *kimonos* (Japanese costumes) strapped to the backs of bigger dolls. I made each doll bow very low before the Emperor and Empress, because these extra dolls were to stand on the imperial property.

While I was taking out these things with my mother, my father brought in a new box; but I was too busy to notice it at first. When I found it, I ran to Father, threw myself on my knees before him, and hugged his feet. "Thank you ten thousand times, dear honored father," I said. In the new box was a beautiful play-house.

When breakfast time came, I prepared food for the Emperor and Empress and the other dolls. I always thought it would not be polite for me to have my breakfast before the Emperor and Empress had theirs. Therefore, I put some toy chopsticks on the Emperor's tables and some rice in the little bowls. Just then my brother came in, sleepily rubbing his eyes. I said, "Sab-chian, look at my new play-house!"

My brother didn't think much of dolls, but he liked my play-house just as much as I did. When he saw the play-house he said, "Why don't we put a real fire in it?"

Of course, we were never allowed to play with fire, but my Mother said that just this once I might have real fire to put in the stove. As she watched me I put water in the kettle. It soon began to boil and real steam came out of the spout. Can you imagine how happy I was at that? I have never forgotten this happiness.

We played with the play-house until Mother said, "Let us go for a walk." I knew already what would happen. We met other mothers and other little girls with dolls on their backs. They were all going to one place—the doll shop. When we arrived at the doll shop, there were rows and rows of dolls and swarms and swarms of little girls. I purchased a most beautiful *Ichimi-ningyo* (girl's doll). On my way

home, I met one of my friends with her new doll on her back. She said to me, "Won't you come to see my doll on your way home?"

I asked, "May I, Mother?"

Mother said yes, and then I went to my friend's house. The other neighbor's little girls came too, eager to see her dolls. She had everything which I had, but she had nothing like my playhouse. So I said, "come to my house with me and see my new playhouse—all of you."

After we had played with the house, my mother brought us some red, yellow, pink, green, and white *amochi* (rice cake). The maids brought out tiny tables and set them around. Then I made real tea and we had a party. Since it was nearly time for supper when we finished the party, we said *Sayonara* (good-bye) to each other, and my friends bowed very politely to my mother and to me before they went home.

When supper-time came, Mother made some *asushi* (a rice dish) and other good foods. We ate in front of the dolls with enjoyment. Before I went to bed I said *Oyasumenasai* (good-night) to each of the thirty-eight dolls. Then I said *Sayonara* (good-bye) to each one for a whole year.

This was the fifth of my birthdays that comes to my memory—so dearly, so clearly and deeply. However, when I return home to Japan in two-and-a-half more years, many things will be changed by the typhoon and by time, I shall be changed by my experiences in America, and I will have so many things to tell my country's people about America. I have seen from the very first day that I came here how Americans have good minds for independent thinking as well as for freedom and flexibility—more than our country's people. But the people always work fast, speak loud, and make noise when they do something. From these actions it seems to me that they are always angry, because my people are more quiet when they do something. I think the reason for this noisy way of action might be that Americans have to rush all the time. In Japan we have all of our lives to live beautifully, so we act slowly and gently. Indeed, I grew up in a very gentle family. Someday, if you have an opportunity to visit Japan, you must certainly come to my house. I am sure it will give as wonderful an impression to you, as I have received from America.

Leaves from My Diary

By Maureen Trounce Appel, an Alumna

April 29, Thursday

Never did I dream I'd be cruising the Mediterranean. Just now we finished lunch, and I'm up on A deck, taking in the view of the beautiful little islands off the coast of Greece. They are on both sides of the ship and will be 'till we come to Turkey. The body of water we are sailing through is called the Ionian Sea.

I was so tired the first two days, what with packing and leaving Tripoli I didn't get a chance to take advantage of the boat, and sights exactly. Now I'm fine, probably will gain weight, with eating such good food, and my lazy life.

Stevie and Kevin have been very good; we seem to be kept busy all the time. Ray and I take turns watching the children, so that gives us a break.

I'm so glad we took this cruise, its really one in a lifetime. Think of its only costing us \$64.00, just for my food and the children's.

Yesterday we were in Athens. Sailed into Pyrenia, a Coastal town. Ray watched the children while I went on a tour. The baby sitting is quite expensive, \$1.00 an hour per child, so tomorrow when we get to Istanbul, Turkey, we will take Stevie and leave the baby.

Now to get back to Athens. A Tour bus met us at the dock and we went into Athens by way of the sea. We passed little fishing villages and some pretty villas right on the cliff. It was about fifteen miles into Athens.

We went first to the St. James Hotel, to pick up the other people from the boat, who came in earlier. From there we went to the Acropolis to see the Parthenon. I had forgotten a lot of my ancient history, so had to read up on it a little. It was very interesting and from the Acropolis, you could see all of Athens, as it is in the center of the city. We spent about an hour and a half there. I bought a pretty porcelaine Greek plate. From there we went to a Colosseum where the Olympic games are held. The whole Stadium is made of marble, really quite interesting. Then we saw the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and the changing of the Guard in front of the Palace. It is a beautiful palace and the guards are quite colorful. We stayed a little while in the town looking around. We were back at the boat by 6:00 and I was exhausted.

Where time goes here I don't know, but it certainly goes. There are quite a few people on this ship who are just taking a ten day cruise.

May 2, Sunday

My, yesterday was an exciting day! We got to Istanbul in the morning, and as we approached, it really was a sight to see. It's such an old city and quite a dirty one and looks like a painting, out of a history book. I got off the boat at ten, to see if I could call Doreen's sister, but she wasn't there. Then, Ray and I went on the Tour. We got a baby sitter (the baby sitter cost us \$9.00 for four hours, a dollar an hour for each child). Well it was worth it.

We went first to Santa Sophia, the Emperor Justinian's Church, which he built in the 6th Century A.D. This Christian Church was later taken over by the Turks in 1485 and made into a mosque. You can still see some of the gold paintings which were drawn in Constantine's time. All in solid gold, most of the mosaics and religious pictures were destroyed. It's a huge place and now used as a Museum.

Then we went to two other old Mosques, which were just about the same. We ended the Tour at the famous Bazaar. This is a fascinating place, really looks like something in the movies. Ray bought me a beautiful ring. I've always wanted a dinner ring and here's the place to get stones of all kinds especially semi-precious. The kind I got is an Alexandrite, a purple stone which changes color in different lights. I'm thrilled to death with it. Lots of the girls in Tripoli had them, and I had admired them so. Just think 70¢ a karet; mine is about 18 karets. We could have stayed hours there but had to get back to the ship by six for dinner.

We left there this morning; still can see land. We are being piloted through part of the Straits of Turkey now. The scenery could be California, at times. To think that when in Istanbul, we were only 200 miles from Russia!

Now we are heading gradually towards New York. We get to Italy at Naples, on the 5th. The next day we go to Leghorn, (Tevorina) from there, the following day, back to North Africa, Casablanca, from there nine days to New York. We'll be pretty tired of the boat by then. We get into New York on the morning of the 19th. (What a day!)

We've seen several movies on the boat, and the food has been marvelous. We're all getting fat, with all the food, the sleeping, etc. I'm also getting quite a tan.

Everything is working out quite nicely now. Stevie is better, the baby is good as gold, and we are longing for the good old U.S.A.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT**By Claudette Drennan***Awarded Honorable Mention, poetry division of Atlantic Monthly National Creative Writing Contest*

*Storm waves hurled the beaten Paul aground.
A savage culled him from the rocks, bore
Him to the fire, lay him at the core
Of circled black-faced brethren. Ringed, but not bound,
Half-drowned Paul pushed out a hand to warm.
Sprang then the viper, writhed it round; fire
For fire, Paul sheared the beast into the pyre.
A sign! The gods avenge a murder. Storm
He lasted out, but justice roots him up. -----
Wait, wait for the roll, the caked whirl
Of death by poison. Tight-skinned the pod
Presses the fire-seed Paul. Seep, sup
Now the fears and fables. Yet up-twirl, swirl
The flames of life: This man is from God.*

Alumnae News

As the Seniors of '54 have now been initiated into our association, we think it of interest to note some of their achievements, of their final year at the Mount, in the field of contest winners.

The Archbishop Cantwell award, a prize of one hundred dollars, given annually by His Eminence, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, for the best essay on an apologetical subject, was won by Mary Joan Storm. Milania Austin and Anne Park received honorable mention. In the *Atlantic Monthly* National Creative Writing Contest the first prize of one hundred dollars in the Essay Division was awarded to Claudette Drennan who also received honorable mention for a short story and a poem. The essay and poem appear in this issue of *Inter Nos*. Her story will be in the December number. In the essay contest Mary Joan Storm won honorable mention, as did Milania Austin for a merit paper in the Short Story division. Milania also won first prize of one hundred dollars in the Short Story Contest sponsored by the Cabrini Literary Guild.

The Cabrini Guild awarded Claudette Drennan a prize of fifty

dollars for a short story, and Mary Joan Storm received honorable mention in the Essay contest. Other undergraduate students received honors, but their names are not yet eligible as Alumnae News.

Among wedding announcements received are two for the nineteenth of June: ANNE LA VERNE PARK to Mr. Robert Samuel Kraemer in a Nuptial Mass at St. Therese Church, Alhambra, and JOELLA ALLEN to Mr. Robert Augustine Broadway in a Nuptial Mass at Sacred Heart Church, Altadena.

Two weddings occurred on the twenty-sixth of June that of CHARLOTTE FRANCES ROHE to Mr. Robert Galen Bell in a Nuptial Mass at St. Francis de Sales Church, Sherman Oaks; and GRACE THERESE PRESTO to Mr. Peter F. Grande in a Nuptial Mass at St. John's, Los Angeles. MARY MARGARET HOLLAND was married to Mr. Paul Leo Freece in a Nuptial Mass at St. Joan of Arc's Church, Los Angeles, on July third.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Mullane Jr. announce the birth of a son, William Patrick.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lawson announce the birth of a son, Vincent Harold.

Our new alumnae president, Mrs. Paul Regan (COLETTE VERBECK) spent a vacation afternoon at the Mount, planning the year's activities while her three daughters cooled off in the swimming pool.

Among other visitors were Lt. and Mrs. Ray Appel with Steven and Kevin, aged 3½ years and four months respectively. Stevie speaks English interpolated by Italian and Arabic, having learned to talk in Tripoli, where Ray has been stationed with the Air Force. While at the Mount, Stevie's urgent request was that his father buy him "a little camel."

The regional meetings with their benefits or contributions to the building fund, are proving a real success. The administration appreciates this valuable cooperation.